

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1855, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable features. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. The specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.
NEWPORT COUNCIL No. 31, Order United American Mechanics, Edward M. Gladding, Councilor; James E. Matheson, Recording Secretary, meets every Monday evening.
RECREATION LODGE No. 49, I. O. O. F., Geo. T. Lewis, Noble Grand; Herbert A. Kaul, Secretary, meets every Tuesday evening.
MALDEN LODGE No. 33, N. E. O. F., Richard S. Scott, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary, meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, A. K. Matheson, President; Alexander McCallan, Secretary, meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.
OCEAN LODGE No. 7, A. O. U. E., Geo. H. Boyd, Master Workman; Geo. A. Pritchard, Recorder, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings.
FRANKLIN LODGE No. 326, K. of H., H. D. Lator, Samuel Cook, Reporter, O. H. Chase, meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.
BROADWOOD LODGE No. 11, K. of P., John T. Holt, Chancellor; Commander; Julius Lutz, Keeper of Records and Seal, meets every Friday evening.
DAVE DIVISION No. 8, U. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, Everett I. Gorton; William D. Tew, Recorder, meets last Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

With the Newport Artillery.

Tuesday evening, in response to many requests, the Newport Artillery Co., gave an exhibition drill for the benefit of its lady friends, who have long been anxious to witness one of these drills. In the praises of which the various inspecting officers have been so lavish. There was a large attendance of fine and honorary members of the Company as well as ladies, and all enjoyed the various parts of the drill which were executed by the Company, in command of Col. A. A. Barker, with its customary precision and excellence. The gun squad, under Lieutenant Colonel Geo. O. Shaw, gave the heavy artillery drill in a manner which elicited the heartiest applause. The mandolin club played several selections during the evening and, after the drills, the floor was cleared and dancing was enjoyed till midnight. It is hoped that another of these evenings will be given by the Company soon.

Thursday evening was a most interesting one for the members of the Company, for on that evening the tie between Privates H. M. Jackson and George F. Bliss for the Gibbs medal was shot off. The former won the position of third substitute on the team.

Base Ball.

The signing of players for the Newport team this season seems to be a standstill, none having been signed in several weeks. Rumors of men that have been or are to be engaged are constantly being published in the New Bedford papers but the reports can not be authenticated in this city. Work on the grand stand for the new grounds will be begun very soon and Capt. Cotton expects to have the field drained and otherwise put in condition by the twentieth of this month, when the Rogers High School nine will play their first game. This team has shown much improvement in their playing during the past month, and since they are now able to get considerable out door practice, will probably put a very creditable nine in the field when the season opens. Although but one or two of their "star" players of the past two years will play with them this season, it is no reason why they should not attain a high standing in the new league.

The annual statement of the North-western Masonic Aid Association for insurance in Rhode Island which appears in another column of this paper, will be found interesting reading. It will be found on the 5th page.

THE ELECTION IN NEWPORT.

Full Republican Ticket Chosen with Surprisingly Large Pluralities.

The election in Newport, as in the rest of the State where there were no local issues, was exceedingly quiet and uneventful except in the result. Neither side displayed much interest and the total vote cast showed a large falling off from that of a year ago, but the pluralities given in favor of the Republican candidates were fully double those of last year which few expected to equal.

Following is the vote on the General Assembly and gubernatorial tickets by wards. The former is the official count of the Board of Aldermen and shows an error in the wardens' and clerk's report of the Fourth Ward which increases the plurality of the several Republican candidates on the Assembly ticket nearly one hundred. The gubernatorial ticket has had no official count of course, and its figures given below are the same as reported by the wardens and clerks, but that it suffers from the error will be readily seen by comparison.

For Senator.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
W. H. Burdick, R.	403	501	427	311	150	1819
W. H. Burdick, Jr., D.	40	517	439	338	161	1856
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Burdick, R., 778.						
First Representative.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
W. S. Donald, D.	170	165	166	156	313	1031
W. S. Donald, Jr., D.	40	517	439	338	161	1856
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Donald, D., 815.						
Second Representative.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
J. W. Rogers, R.	410	611	472	338	192	1537
J. W. Rogers, Jr., D.	162	155	143	133	283	866
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Rogers, R., 661.						
Third Representative.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
P. J. Boyle, R.	187	180	207	233	392	1219
P. J. Boyle, Jr., D.	383	500	405	395	131	1714
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Boyle, R., 612.						
Fourth Representative.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
E. W. Higgins, R.	390	429	421	335	213	1814
E. W. Higgins, Jr., D.	174	183	181	276	204	1021
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Higgins, R., 622.						
Fifth Representative.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
T. R. Helme, D.	170	173	173	181	324	1653
G. Moffitt, R.	322	509	431	337	166	1853
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Moffitt, R., 716.						
Governor.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
C. W. Lippitt	370	451	419	274	165	1721
G. L. Littlefield	161	163	172	183	293	972
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Lippitt, C. W., 699.						
Lieutenant Governor.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
E. H. Allen, R.	365	458	375	265	138	1611
E. H. Allen, Jr., D.	163	167	178	181	260	959
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Allen, R., 692.						
Secretary of State.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
C. F. Bennett, R.	379	410	410	274	165	1729
C. F. Bennett, Jr., D.	163	167	178	181	260	959
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Bennett, R., 706.						
Attorney General.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
E. C. Bishop, R.	365	458	375	265	138	1611
E. C. Bishop, Jr., D.	163	167	178	181	260	959
Scattering	1	1	1	1	1	5
Plurality for Bishop, R., 692.						
The Bond Issue.						
Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Yes	416	418	421	271	300	2026
No	86	163	178	181	260	968
Passed by majority of 121.						

Death of Mrs. Paron Stevens.

Mrs. Paron Stevens, one of Newport's best known summer residents, died at her winter home in New York, Wednesday afternoon, after a brief illness. Mrs. Stevens was Miss Marietta Reed, and a native of Lowell, Mass., where her father carried on a retail grocery business. She was given a finished education, and at the age of twenty-five, when she became the wife of the late Paron Stevens, the millionaire hotel owner, was a highly accomplished and handsome belle of her then somewhat narrow circle. Her marriage gave her position amongst the wealthiest and she at once became a great favorite and leader of society. There is no place in Newport more noted for the brilliancy of its entertainments than Marietta villa and no invitations from the highest social circles were more sought for than those of Mrs. Paron Stevens.

Always fond of Newport, she never lost an opportunity to impress others with its advantages, and to her it was as much as to any one person belongs the credit of Newport's present social prominence.

B. W. Pearce's Benefit.

On Tuesday evening, April 5th, the annual benefit entertainment of Mr. B. W. Pearce, will take place at Masonic Hall. The programme shows an array of talent that will be sure to prove decidedly entertaining. Among the artists who will appear is Miss Jennie Hoyle, of Fall River, a young lady who as a violinist, has scored great success both here and elsewhere. Miss Lattie Hayes, one of Newport's sweetest soprano singers, will also appear with a new repertoire. Among the other attractions are Miss Madeline Sampson, Miss Lulu F. Burlington, Messrs. Gilday, W. W. Ralston and A. C. Clark. Every effort is being made by Mr. Pearce to make the entertainment a successful one, and from a look over the program a pleasant evening is assured.

Dangerous Play.

Thursday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock the sound of several pistol shots, screams of girls and the oaths of men reached the ears of several people who were in the neighborhood at the time. Investigation showed that some of the shots were fired by a man practicing at the lower end of the beach, while the others came from a young man who was chasing another up Bath Road from the pavilion. The young man with the pistol claimed to have a good reason for wishing to kill the other, but the explanation which he gave to the people who stopped his progress did not seem to justify any such murderous intentions.

Fall River Line.

CHANGE IN LEAVING TIME.—Commencing Monday, April 1st, 1896, the steamer Puritan and Pilgrim will leave Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray Street, at 6:30 P. M., instead of 6:00 P. M., as at present. SUNDAY TRIPS will be resumed for the season, commencing May 5th, 1896. Steamers will leave New York from Pier 28, North River, at the same time (6:30 P. M.) as on week days. From Boston, connecting trains will leave Park Square Station on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad at 7:30 P. M., ten minutes later than on week days, connecting with boat at Fall River in 50 minutes.

CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting Tuesday Evening—Routine Business—Expenses for March \$10,614.40.

The City Council held its regular April meeting Tuesday evening, with all members present. Acting Mayor Hammett presided over the Aldermen and Mr. President Comstock over the Common Council.

The report of the Finance committee was read and received and on its recommendation the following bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations:

City Assessor	\$28.48
Poor Department	68.48
Watch and Police	142.10
Fire Department	1,473.70
Public Schools	1,473.70
Public Buildings	6,322.34
Board of Health	113.4
Streets and Highways	24.31
Public Works	71.16
Watering Streets	62.41
Salaries	10.96
Chapman Estate	3.07
Ice Fund	64.90
Public Grounds	60.00
Removal of House Offal	626.50
Public Library	21.00
Books, Stationery and Printing	22.00
Lighting Streets	4,133.47
Incidentals	325.18
Ward meeting	10.73
Total	\$15,514.40

On recommendation of the committee on Streets and Highways a crosswalk was ordered laid on Spring street at the junction of Tenor.

The Public Property committee reported recommending that the city's lot on Farewell street, adjoining the City Cemetery, be used as a public pound. After considerable discussion and discussion it was received, but the resolution accompanying it was defeated in the Common Council. Later, however, a resolution passed both bodies authorizing the committee to provide a pound but making no provision for the expense.

The report of the committee on Street Lights was read and received and on its recommendation three lamps were authorized on Bliss road two on Middleton avenue, and one at the foot of Cottage place.

The quarterly report of Street Commissioner Cotton was read and received, as were also the quarterly reports of Overseers of the Poor, Chief Engineer of Fire Department, Inspector of Nuisances, and City Treasurer, the latter being referred to the city auditor.

The resignation of Patrick F. Cassidy as hoseman of No. 9 Fire Company was read and accepted.

The following petitions were referred to the committee on streets and highways: Of the abutters on Allan's court, asking for a covering of crushed stone and flagstone sidewalk; of C. E. Hammett, Jr., and others, for a new sewer of suitable capacity and sufficient depth to carry house drainage, to replace the old sewer in Church street, between High and Thames streets, before the repairs to Thames street are made; of P. H. Horgan and others, for macadamizing Griswold place and placing a flagstone walk on the east side thereof; of Frederick Hall and others, for a covering of crushed stone and flagstone walks on each side of Extension street; of H. H. Fay and others, for grading and covering with crushed stone Hope street, from Friendship street to Rhode Island avenue; of David P. Albino and others, to grade, macadamize and place sidewalks for Cherry street, between Second and Fourth streets; of Peter F. Clarke and others, for covering Edward street with crushed stone and placing a flagstone walk on the north side; and of George T. Douglas and others, asking that the sidewalks be curbed and the gutters paved in Connection street. The claim of Patrick Sullivan for \$150, for loss of a horse and damage to wagon and harness, was also referred to the Highway committee.

The claim of Dennis Nolan for \$3,000 for injuries sustained by a fall over alleged obstructions in Bath road, was referred to the committee on Finance.

The petition of the Newport Country club, to lay a gas pipe and place a sufficient number of gas lights on Harrison avenue, between Ridge road and the entrance to the club's grounds, was referred to the committee on street lights.

ALDERMEN.

Jurors were drawn as follows: Grand—John Modest, Richard T. Johnson, Henry F. Wright, James C. Pray, John Nelson, John D. Stewart, Eugene Sullivan, William Ormsby, Frank L. Suthill, John Sullivan, Robert C. Dabeller, John Hatfield.

Petit—William C. O'Neill, Edwin S. Burdick, Peter G. Johansen, Clarence C. Roberts, Asa C. Buchanan, Augustus Goffe, Thomas J. Potter, B. H. Stevens, Jr., Fred W. Greene, John H. Tilley, John Reynolds, John L. Nason, John J. Allan, Addison Thomas, John Whipple, Samuel P. Pease, David Kirby, Timothy Sullivan, James Crosby, George R. Peering, Thomas Prott, Henry M. Spooner, L. H. Richardson, William J. Walsh, Michael Kelley, Samuel S. Almy, J. William Spangler, Henry A. Heath, Edward J. Fancier, John Radford, Thomas G. Brown, Arthur L. Cummings, Stephen N. Tefft, Peter King, Charles G. Polley.

Licenses were granted as follows: Tavern—Timothy B. O'Connell, Thomas B. Wilkinson, Paul Hertzog, Patrick

HOPE.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1769.

Hunt, William Gash, Richard Holzhager, C. Gunther, William Yates, A. Baskin, William P. Sullivan, P. H. Corbett, Nolan & Bryer, James J. Connesey, C. D. Curran, Albert Burkinshaw.

Eating houses—D. B. Allen, J. E. Spink, Jacob P. Kemp.

Pool Table—John Alexander, T. B. Wilkinson, W. P. Sullivan (bagatelle).

Junk dealers—Jefferson Morrow, R. P. Johnson.

Intelligence Office—Mrs. Jennie Nelson, Daniel Kelley.

The Scandinavian Society of Three Stars was granted a license for a masquerade ball in St. George's Hall on April 20.

In joint convention T. J. Corcoran was elected a member of Fire Company No. 8; Herbert C. Tilley appraiser of damages done by dogs, and C. P. D. Payerweather, dog constable.

Rev. Percy Webber, of Milwaukee, is concluding a week's mission at St. John's parish in this city. The services began Thursday evening with an eloquent discourse upon the Cross of Christ. Special services will be held at the Zabiskie Memorial church and St. John's chapel each day and evening until Good Friday night. The 4 o'clock service this afternoon will be for women only, when the missioner will speak on "True Womanhood." Tomorrow afternoon the service will be for men only, subject "Manliness and Sin Against Manliness."

PORTSMOUTH.

The annual town meeting was held on Wednesday in the new Town Hall and was one of the most busy meetings for some time, after the preparation of the various books and the opening of the ballots. The meeting was called to order and the warrant and the proposed amendment to the Constitution read by the Moderator. The following election and other business was then transacted.

Moderator—Joseph O. Dennis. Assistant Moderator—Charles I. Coggeshall. Town Clerk—Philip H. Chase. Town Sergeant—Wm. C. Harvey. Representative—Henry Tallman. Town Council—J. R. Cotton, P. Manchester, J. George H. Hicks, J. Ben. Anthony, J. C. Carr, J. Whitfield, S. Sten.

Justice of the Peace—John Roberts, the town to pay his engagement fees. Commissioner of Asylums—John F. Chase, salary \$20. Town Treasurer—E. R. Anthony, salary \$100. Tax Collector—E. R. Anthony, salary \$100. Town Sergeant—Wm. C. Harvey, salary \$20. Auditor—Charles G. Thomas, Oscar C. Manchester and Ben. Anthony.

Assessors of Taxes—J. A. Sten, Wm. Horgan, W. E. Carr, John May, Henry C. Anthony, D. L. Talbot, John S. Albino, salary \$20. Assessors of the Poor—Wm. T. Harvey, salary \$20. Town Constables—Robert B. Almy and Coomer A. Festerbrook.

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Voted:—A town tax of 50 cents, and a highway tax of 10 cents, on each and every \$100 of the taxable property of this town; and that all who do not pay such taxes on or before the first of July, in October 1895 shall thereafter pay interest on such unpaid taxes at the rate of one per cent a month until paid.

Voted: That 75 per cent of the highway taxes shall be expended in constructing stone roads, and the balance in general repairs needed in the town as are not safely protected at present.

Voted: to appropriate \$5,000 in addition to the highway tax, the whole to be expended in making stone road beds in such manner as shall be deemed best by the town council.

Voted: to buy a small road machine, highly recommended for filling up ruts at a cost of \$20.

Voted: to authorize the town council to purchase a sufficient size to contain such valuable records and documents belonging to the town as are not safely protected at present.

The following resolution observed by Rev. G. H. Patterson, providing for the election of a "Good Road Committee" consisting of Messrs P. H. Powell, Charles S. Sten and Benjamin Greene, said committee to ascertain the best methods of constructing good roads, the cost, and the best way to raise money to defray the expense, and reported to town council at its July session, the committee to serve without pay. Said resolution was passed.

The sum of \$500 was voted, if needed, in the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors in the town.

The sum of \$2,500 was voted for the support of the public schools.

The sum of \$30, was voted for the school committee services; and (additional) 5% for the clerk.

The sum of \$200 was voted for the town clerk in addition to the regular fees of his office.

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CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain F. A. MITCHELL.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMING OF THE RESERVE.

The night has come again. The smoke has rolled away from the battlefield of Chickamauga. There is neither sound of cannon nor musketry, except here and there an occasional picket firing. There is another sound within the dark forest where Thomas' men are resting—the sound of the woodchopper's ax. The commander in chief of the Confederates hears it and knows, with a general's quick perception, that another chance of destroying his enemy is passing. He cannot enter the forest at the end of night to stop that chopping, and he knows as he hears hundreds of axes replacing the more appalling sounds of the day with the clatter of their blades, and now and again some great tree crashing through its neighbors, that by morning his enemy will be entrenched behind breast-works.

Maynard bivouacked on Thomas' line. The two armies lay too near to each other to light telltale campfires, and as all equipment had been sent to the rear and blankets were scarce the army spent the night shivering. The wood was too thick to see anything above the lower branches. The men needed sleep, but it would be as easy to sleep on the battlefield as in the continuous clatter of those axes. Besides distrust had come upon the whole army. It was an anxious night to the generals, and the men paroled of the solitude of their command. It was known that the enemy had been re-enforced from Virginia, Knoxville and other points. It was rumored that Burnside was coming, but Burnside did not come. To a natural fatigue was added that more appalling weariness of being constantly in the presence of death and the certainty that when the soldier should rise in the morning the grim specter would rise with him to haunt him for another day.

There is a stroke of gray in the east. The commander in chief of the men in gray listens for the sound of guns in the hands of those he has ordered to begin the attack at daylight and which are to be signal for others. The stark bronzed, day comes; the sun rises; it is 8 o'clock. Still all is silent along the line. It is only a mistake, only an order not received or understood by the general who was to lead off, but in that mistake is involved possible failure. With all the vaunted generalship on the field of battle what is it, after all, that turns the tide except the mistakes?

Mark Maynard on that Sunday morning was lying with his body in the dirt and his head on the root of a tree. He dreamed that he had just come in from making a charge at the head of his brigade and was approaching his commander to report a glorious success; that the general said to him after thanking him for his achievement, "Colonel, it will give me pleasure to recommend you for promotion to the rank of brigadier."

"General!"

He awoke and saw Jakey Black looking down on him. It was he who had spoken the word "General!"

"General," said Jakey as he saw his friend's eyes open, "it's been a—d—d hard fight."

"For heaven's sake, my boy, where have you been, and what are you doing here? The battle will open soon again this morning. I wonder it hasn't opened already. You must get back!"

"I thought I was a soldier."

"Well, Jakey, you are a soldier, that's a fact, and I'm not."

"Reckon I'll get back. I been away 'bout any furlough."

"Where?"

"I thought I'd go 'n see Souri afore his fight as I mightn't have no chance after it. I thought I killed, 'n then I wouldn't be no good nohow."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes."

"And Laura?" he started up.

"Yes."

"And you told her?"

"Reckon."

Maynard paused in his questions. He dreaded to know how his wife had received the news. Did she condemn him with the rest?

Jakey put his hand in the pocket of his coat and took out a card on which was a picture of Laura holding her child. Maynard seized it, and in a moment his eyes were riveted on it to the exclusion of all other objects. His mind drank in thirstily all it suggested.

"Mark," he exclaimed suddenly, "for these you must win back your spurs."

"Reckon she won't like fo' ter hear y' talk that away," put in Jakey sympathetically.

"Jakey, I'm a changed man. I feel that I am to have a chance to vindicate myself on the field today. For two days I have been fighting in the ranks. I have had only a private's opportunity, and that is to furnish material for the sacrifice demanded by the god of war, while the god only smiles on those who lead the victim. Today—today!"

in a charge. They all liked to see you do that away. I ast him whar I ought to find y', 'n he reckoned he sor y' got y' this way. So I kem 'n found y'. There's all."

As he finished Maynard exclaimed: "Look!"

The fog had suddenly lifted. They were on a ridge which had been fortified during the night, the works resembling a horseshoe. Their position was on the left side of the shoe and commanded a view up the Chattanooga road, which ran directly north from where they were. There a short distance east of the road and overlapping the Union left, the lifting mist revealed a line of Confederate gray. As Maynard spoke, with a shout they rushed forward and took possession of the prize they had been trying to grasp for two days. They were between the Union army and Chattanooga.

Leaving Jakey where they were and instructing him to stay there till he should return, Maynard went down to take a hand in the fight. He found a dead soldier, whose musket and cartridge box he seized, and pushing on to the line of firing took position with an infantry regiment. The enemy, unsupported, were driven from the Chattanooga road to a ridge near by, where they halted and gave their pursuers a desperate fight. Then the regiment to which Maynard had allied himself was ordered to another part of the field, and he went with them. Passing through a thick fire of bullets, which were mingled with the larger missiles of cannon, he encountered a sight that has seldom been seen on the field of battle. Crouching under a log was a little girl about 8 years old, who, having got caught in among the disputants, was right in the midst of a battlefield. Maynard never forgot the contrast between the terrified child and the unmerciful scenes surrounding her. Being a volunteer, he was under no man's orders except as he chose to obey them. Filling out of the ranks, he went to the child, took her up in his arms, and while bullets plumed about them and shells screamed above them carried her to the rear, to where he had left Jakey.

"Here, Jakey," he said, setting her down by the boy, "it's thine you have a sweetheart, so I've brought you one. She comes to you from the field of battle and probably won't stand any nonsense. So you must treat her with proper deference."

"Golly!" exclaimed the boy, squaring himself before the weeping girl, with his hands in his pockets.

"Take her to that house down there and wait till I come—that is, if I ever come, and if I don't tell my wife to look out for this little one, and if necessary provide for her. I must go. There is hard fighting at the front."

Jakey took the little girl by the hand and led her away, while Maynard went over to the south slope of the ridge to see what was going on at the right. Standing on an eminence, he looked down on the contending lines toward the south.

The sun was now standing midway between the horizon and the meridian. The day had thus far gone without any special advantage on either side. Finding the left strong, the Confederate commander was massing troops on the right of the line of blue. Maynard could see them marching into position for a gigantic effort.

There was a momentary lull in the firing on the right, and Maynard thought that from a distance he caught the faintest sound of a church bell. It might have been fancy, for congregations would not be likely to meet near a battlefield, and the continued roar in the center and left would likely have prevented a bell being heard. At any rate, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Sunday morning.

Sunday morning! What a contrast between that and other Sunday mornings he had passed. It was near 11 o'clock, the hour when people were assembling for worship, and he pictured the neatly dressed throngs moving to church while bells were ringing in the bellfries. All over the broad land congregations were assembling, untroubled of the struggle that was going on at Chickamauga.

The enemy were moving to the attack. As Maynard glanced toward the Union line to see if it was in condition he saw a division face to the left and begin a march in rear of another division, leaving its place in the line a defenseless, yawning gap.

"Great heavens! Some one has blundered."

"Halt! Go back! Great God, what are you doing?"

Who could hear him at such a distance? Who would obey him if heard? Oh, the agony of a sight like that! To see men marching not only to their own destruction, but the destruction of their comrades, doubtless of the whole army, and without the power to prevent them. Oh, for a battery with which to fire smoke over that deathtrap—to conceal it! Oh,

"Golly!" exclaimed the boy, for a cyclone to blow dust in the eyes of those Confederates! God grant that the stupidity which prevails in war may seize those southern generals now; that they may not reap this offered advantage. May they be blindfold! God, this is terrible!

"There! They see it. They are preparing to march through it. There they go. Hear those cheers—that rebel yell. They're near it. They're in it. Our men are breaking on the right of the gap. There goes a regiment, a whole brigade on the left. Heavens, how those gray coats leap forward! It's a splendid sight if it's all up with us. The whole right of the army is giving way, broken, scattering pell-mell over the field, chased

by the southerners pouring volley upon volley after them.

"Stop and rally! No! No one could rally troops on the breast of Niagara. But there's a crumb of comfort—those men nearest this way are bending back like wrought iron. They are not breaking. Good. There's a faint hope for the left. But, O Lord, what's the left with the right and center gone?"

And now comes a spectacle, a contrast which must always stand out a splendid monument of heroic endurance in the great cemetery of war—the spectacle of an army, one half routed, gone, driven like dry leaves before the wind, the remaining half holding in check for more than half a day a force against which the whole had found it difficult to contend. Standing in the center of the "horseshoe," the fortification of which his wisdom had constructed during the night, General Thomas, intent upon guiding the troops of his own corps, with no word from his commander in chief, for a time not knowing, or at least not admitting, that the army is by all the rules that govern the science of war defeated, goes on fighting as if there is but one Army of the Cumberland, and that composed of the troops under his command.

The right put to flight, the Confederates prepare to crush the remainder of the army. All around the "horseshoe" they gather their forces and hurl them against the blue coats. The first onset fails. There must be another. A second wave goes rolling on and dashes against the logs behind which the one armed Army of the Cumberland is fixed. It needs without making a breach. It will need more such waves—a constant yapping of bayonets. Surely that curve, with flanks bent almost in a circle, almost touching, cannot be called a line of battle. It may be a curve of battle, but how can such a curve stand against the whole Army of the Tennessee?

But this curved array of bayonets is too tough to be broken in front. It must be taken in flank. There is a ridge just beyond the right heel of the "horseshoe." It has been abandoned by the Unionists. No one seems to know why. Climb up, Confederates; seize this ridge. It commands the Union right. Once firmly lodged there you can hammer them unmercifully.

And the gray coats do climb the ridge and drag artillery with them.

The Union commander sees them and at a glance discerns that without a force to drive them from it his army is lost. There is no such force. Every man is engaged and needed where he is. The general's brow is knit, and his square mouth sets even more firmly than before.

"There is a cloud of dust rising over there to the north, general, and men marching under it," said an aid.

"I wonder who they are."

It makes a great difference to the hounded general whether they are friends or enemies. He looks anxiously in the direction pointed out by his aid and orders him to reconnoiter the uncertain column. The officer rides forward to a point where he can get a good view, draws rein, dismounts, and climbing a fence brings a fieldglass to bear on the advancing troops. They are far from him. They are covered with dust, and their flags are faded, so that he cannot tell whether they are blue or gray. If they are gray, that means destruction for the troops defending themselves in the horseshoe. If they are blue, they may serve as a forlorn hope on the ridge commanding the Union right.

The aid not only sees these troops, but the troops see the aid. They, too, wonder if he is blue or gray. Neither can tell, but from his position they suspect him to wear blue. At any rate, they assume that he does.

Suddenly every flag is unfurled, displaying the stars and stripes.

Enough. Mounting his horse, the aid rides over the ground between him and the head of the advancing column.

"Who are these troops?"

"The first division of the reserve corps."

Posted at the opening of the struggle to guard a bridge across the Chickamauga on the extreme north of the battlefield, with orders to hold it at all hazards, this division had for two days listened to the sounds of fighting without firing a shot. The Confederates had made a crossing without using the bridge watched, and the division was a useless guard. On Sunday morning the commander, chafing at inaction, yet dreading the consequences that might occur, the blame attending a disobedience of orders, determined to turn the bridge and march to the relief of comrades whom he divined were being hard pressed. Gathering his principal officers in a church near by, he announced to them what he proposed to do. The little church, nestled at that hour of that holy day to anything more vigorous than a minister pounding the pulpit or the strains of "Old Hundred," rang with the assenting exclamations of soldiers.

Marching through fields of yellow corn, guided only by a distant but continuous roar, the division each moment lessened the distance between it and the army whose fate hung on its quick coming. The direction taken led them toward the north side of the horseshoe and the rear of the Confederates. First a small body of Confederate cavalry, guarding a hospital, were met. These were easily scattered, and the column moved on. Striking the Chattanooga road, the division marched on down it. There were heights to the east, and on these were guns. It was plain to the general that the advancing column was a reconnoitering column. They opened fire to delay it. The Union troops did not heed them. There was a more important enemy—a more important work farther on.

But they were marching directly in rear of the Confederate line. Filling to the right, through an orchard and open fields beyond, they came to a point where the dim outline of the troops engaged could be seen through the overhanging clouds of smoke. The reserve halted in a field between the two bent flanks—the two heels of the horseshoe.

CHAPTER XXV.
STORMING THE RIDGE.

Mark Maynard was standing holding Madeo by the bridle, surveying the battlefield. He heard a gun fired from the crest of the ridge so important to both armies. He turned and saw the shell hit a small building in a spiral, screaming above the heads of two officers, evidently of

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Children Cry for

Children Cry for

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Spring Cleaning

Is such a trial that men say "Let the house take care of itself." But the conscientious wife feels bound to risk health and strength in this annual struggle with dust and dirt. She is altogether too liable, however, to let her bodily house, most important of all, "take care of itself." The consequence of her feverish anxiety over extra work is depletion of the blood, the source of all fatigue at the close of the day will give way to fresh activity in the morning. Therefore we say, besides cleaning your house, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to

Cleanse Your Blood

With Hood's We'll Conquer

Makes the Weak Strong

"Now that house cleaning is upon us, I know that with Hood's Sarsaparilla to help, we'll pass through that trial all right." Mrs. HELEN HISCORN, Tully, New York.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring, and it is the only medicine I use through the year. It enables me to do my house cleaning and farm work all through the summer. It helped me very much for palpitation of the heart. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for everyone, and all who take it will never be without it. I have also used Hood's Pills and they are the best I ever tried." Mrs. F. H. ANDREWS, South Woodstock, Conn.

"Last spring I had to give up work, being unable to walk to my place of employment, a distance of only half a mile. I suffered almost incessantly from sick headache. I had racking pains all over my body. The least exertion would tire me out. Going up one flight of stairs would make my heart beat at a terrible rate. I was induced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now, after taking less than two bottles, the pains and aches have all left me. I have only had a slight headache once since. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me a good appetite, and I can now do a hard day's work." Miss ELIZ JENKINS, Queensbury, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My nerves were in such a condition the closing of a door was sufficient to throw me into a spell of trembling which would last for hours. This was after a severe attack of the grip, which shattered my health. I could not sleep, my food distressed me, and I had darting pains through my shoulders and back. At the suggestion of a friend I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, my food no longer distressed me, and my nerves were quieted. Have taken three bottles and I am cured. The asthma trouble, from which I have not been free for years, has entirely disappeared. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done wonders for me, and I am glad to recommend it highly." Mrs. LUCINDA RUSTELL, North Dartmouth, Massachusetts.

"My health has been poor for a good many years before I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Finally I decided to take Hood's and can honestly say that it has done me more good than any and all other treatments. I was troubled with dyspepsia, food distressed me, and I had but little appetite, was weak and nervous. In fact my trouble bordered on nervous prostration, from which I had previously suffered. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla last summer and it did me ever so much good. It does not seem as though I am the same person. My appetite is greatly improved, I am less nervous, have more strength and a can eat heartily without distress. Such a condition was unknown to me before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. G. O. CLAY, Barre, Vt.

Be Sure to Get Hood's

Bill's Cousin.

Now you quit! How was I to know anything about him, when nobody else knew, not even big Jim Taylor, whose father was mayor twice, and who big self—his name to a prep school, and is going to college some day—Isay even Jim don't know.

When my pop told me Arthur was coming to spend a month at our house, I knew I'd hate him. I don't like boys with names like Arthur and Willie and Montgomery and all that rubbish. My name's Bill. Then Arthur was sickly, and I don't like boys that sit around and cough, and can't skate for fear of all the army he felt the greatest reverence. But the general turned before he could do so and looked in his direction.

It was too late to go away now, and Maynard felt a desire to discover if there were not something, after all, in this great soldier so great that he could afford to give him a kind word. He walked toward the spot where the general stood.

"What are you doing here, my man?" and the commander of all there was left of the Army of the Cumberland sternly, seeing the begrimed Maynard in private's uniform and not recognizing him. "Why are you not with your regiment?"

"I have no regiment, general."

"Your troop, then?"

"I have no troop. I am not a soldier."

"Who are you?"

"Mark Malone."

The sternness on the general's face slightly relaxed. "Ah, Colonel Maynard. Pardon me. I did not recognize you."

"No, general. I was Colonel Maynard. I am now a private citizen. I would be glad to assume my old scout name, Mark Malone."

"I heard of your misfortune. I regretted it doubly, remembering your services when you were scouting."

"Yes, general. Then my services had some value. I was fitted for a scout—a spy. You thought I was fitted for something better and advanced me. I was vain enough to think you right. I did not know myself. As a spy I needed no conscience. I was not subservient to any principle. When as a brigade commander I was obliged to choose on higher ground, I failed in the choice. I have proved myself unworthy of your confidence. I have sunk to the level from which I started."

The general did not reply. He was watching the newly arrived division getting into position.

"You connived at the escape of a spy, I think?" he said presently.

"Worse. I assisted in that escape."

"A woman, was she not?"

"She was, general."

"H'm. It isn't a pleasant task to shoot a woman. Yet a soldier must do his duty."

Maynard did not reply.

"Colonel, there is going to be a weak spot there. I would like you to go and see that that gap is closed. My staff are all away, as you see, on some duty. Ah! Never mind. They are marching by the flank, I see. Now it's all right."

He was so intent upon the forming of the line that for a moment Maynard thought he had forgotten his presence.

"Who was this woman?" the general asked presently.

"You remember when I went to Chattanooga to bring you information of Bragg's movements to Kentucky I met a Confederate officer—a Captain Fitz Hugh—who twice gave me my life?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. They're standing well down there in the center and with so little ammunition. They'll get their new cartridges presently from those brought by the reserve division."

"That seems a good idea, but it didn't seem to work, because when the boys met Arthur he behaved so nicely that they all liked him—ah! Capt. Jim Taylor, he said Arthur was a sneak and ought to be punished, and for two plus he'd do it."

That made me madder than ever, and I suppose I showed it; but Arthur, he just talked smooth and pleasant, and asked me questions about things till I nearly went wild.

I tried to pick a quarrel more'n ten times in the first week, but he never seemed to understand what I was after, and a fellow can't very well bluff his cousin in the eye, off-hand like, for nothing.

I asked Jim Taylor about it, and he thought it was a shame.

"I don't see what you can do," Jim said, "except to introduce him around among the boys, and let one of them lick him."

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I hated to have him do it, because he was bigger than Arthur, and Arthur was sickly; but that very day Arthur made me mad by saying that he didn't like Jim—said he was a common fellow and an ignorant that his society wouldn't do any boy any good. That determined me to leave Arthur to his fate.

About two days after that I was walking along the street with Arthur, when I saw Jim coming. I stopped to speak to him, and Arthur went on a little way and waited for me.

"Thanks himself too good to associate with me, does he?" said Jim to me.

"Yes, he does," I replied. And without saying another word, Jim walked up to my cousin and gave him a pretty hard shove.

"What's that for?" asked Arthur surprised like.

"Cause I want to," said Jim. "I'll shove you all over town, if I want to. But he didn't shove Arthur—not an inch farther; for Arthur just reached out about three feet with his right hand and took Jim by the collar and said: 'You've seen a terrible shake a rat, haven't you? Well, Jim was all shook up just like that, and when Arthur let him go he went down in a heap, like a bundle of old clothes.'

Then Arthur said: "You young scoundrel, I believe you put him up to this!"

And before I could say anything I was all shook up, like Jim, and dropped down beside him.

As I went down, I hit against Jim's boots and heel, and that's how I got this black eye.

Oh, you needn't laugh! When I got home Arthur was packing up to go back to the city, and it was all my could to persuade him to stay over night. He did go away next day, and my pop lapped me three times. No, I don't think Arthur told, but pop found out somehow, and—Oh, don't talk to me! I never want to see any cousins any more.

Smythe (to his daughter): "You should take your mother's advice. She is a better judge than you of a suitable husband." "Miss Smythe (indignant): "Yes! She showed her judgment once, didn't she?"—Truth.

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The Mercury.

J. M. BARNES, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

The vote for fourth representative in the fifth ward was probably the largest Republican vote ever cast in that ward.

In all probability the biennial election will be held on the 10th of June, after the first of June.

New Shoreham can still be closed as a Democratic town although they gave a majority for Jappitt. Senator Champlin seems to have a strong hold over there.

The country is waiting anxiously for the decision of the supreme court on the constitutionality of the income tax law. The court is evidently divided on the question.

The Democrats can boast of big gains in this state this year. Last year they had one Senator out of 30. This year they have three out of 37. Last year they had two representatives, this year they have five.

The General Assembly will resume business at the old stand next week. We hope they will make it brief and not feel compelled to do more than there is any call for. The state can struggle along with the usual batch of new laws is not given out.

Newport has lost two staunch friends and ardent admirers this winter in the death of Mr. Ward McAllister and Mrs. Parau Stevens. Both were prominent leaders in our summer society and their absence will be sorely felt by residents and visitors alike.

One of the surprises in the late election was the return of Dr. J. F. C. Garvie of Cumberland to the General Assembly. The Doctor comes up smiling every time. He is a man never cast down by defeat. And he can fight just as well single handed as he could with a whole army behind him.

The elections all over the country show a phenomenal Republican gain. Chicago which has heretofore been the hot bed of anarchy has gone Republican by 45,000 majority. Every city and town in Michigan went Republican this week. St. Louis went Republican by a big majority. Add to these Rhode Island and the list is complete.

The money raised from the \$100,000 bond issue voted Wednesday will furnish employment for a large number of people during the coming summer. Work should be begun without a moment's delay on the Thames street and Bellevue avenue improvements. Both these thoroughfares in their present condition are a disgrace to the city. As soon as these streets are put in order Long wharf should be considered and something done to make that place passable.

The frantic appeals of the Providence Telegram to defeat the biennial election bill by electing a Democratic legislature evidently had due weight. That party has made a gain of five on joint ballot over last year. Still as the Republicans had 102 votes to 8 for the other party, the Telegram has evidently spent its strength for naught. Probably the same will be the result when the amendments come before the people, for the average voter knows a good thing when he sees it. If the proposed amendments had been in force at the present election the Democrats would have had a much larger representation in the next General Assembly.

A certain school committee man in a certain town in this state a few days since while addressing the scholars in a certain school informed them as an incentive to more earnest work, that if they were industrious and improved all of their time they might one day become great men and scholars and "be able to write a dictionary like the great Daniel Webster." Like master like servant, is the saying. Like committee like teacher might be said in this case, for when one inquiring youth asked the teacher after the departure of the committee if Daniel Webster really made the dictionary the reply was "O yes," as a matter of course, as though no one but an ignoramus would doubt it.

Unity Club.

The literary department of the Unity Club for this session was closed last Tuesday evening by the reading of two essays. The first terminated the series which has been current all winter on persons and events associated with the Italian Renaissance of the 15th century. The special subject was the career of the Dominican Monk, the celebrated "Savonarola." The essay was by Mr. Setti B. Sisti and was an excellent one. The second essay was also of much interest, and was presented by Miss Sarah Ladd, the subject being "Amusements, Past and Present."

The fourth annual national convention of the American Republican College League convened at the St. Cecilia club, Grand Rapids, Mich., Thursday. There were sixty-five delegates present, representing the various colleges of the United States and the vast auditorium was packed with college men from the University of Michigan and members of the Lincoln Republican club, while the galleries were filled with representative ladies of the city and state.

Mr. A. P. Titus of Chicago is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titus in this city.

Tomorrow will be Palm Sunday and next Sunday will be Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Swinburn, Jr., have returned from Brunswick, Ga.

The State Election.

The annual spring election for state officers and members of the General Assembly took place on Wednesday and resulted in a sweeping Republican victory similar to that of a year ago. The total vote cast throughout the state was over eleven thousand less than that of last year, but the pluralities for the republican candidates were exceptionally large, that for governor being 10,801 against 6,507 of a year ago. The vote by cities and towns for state officers was as follows:

	For Boomer,	For Lester,	For Hill,	Little Compton,	Quincy, Pro.
Harrington	0	0	150	45	26
Bristol	0	20	43	193	81
Providence	0	0	117	10	1
Warwick	0	11	1064	457	80
Westerly	0	0	131	133	51
North Scituate	0	0	1	1	1
Charlestown	0	0	1	1	1
Greenville	0	1	384	10	1
Woonsocket	0	0	406	10	1
East Greenwich	24	21	233	668	23
W. Providence	21	21	566	342	85
E. Greenwich	24	24	263	10	1
Portsmouth	7	7	03	91	18
Littleton	9	0	0	121	38
Uxbridge	9	0	0	242	0
Woonsocket	9	0	0	251	21
Providence	8	0	0	1	1
Johnston	165	29	714	323	70
North Scituate	16	0	837	268	0
Littleton	0	0	0	9	0
Midlestown	1	0	132	13	0
North Scituate	172	4	112	810	0
New Shoreham	0	0	13	1	0
Providence	0	0	131	198	7
N. Providence	19	8	167	17	0
N. Scituate	10	10	150	10	0
N. Scituate	10	72	1099	1481	4
Portsmouth	0	0	140	43	0
Providence	217	151	841	6172	84
Richmond	0	0	135	6	0
Scituate	0	0	127	80	4
Southfield	0	0	830	201	0
S. Kingstown	11	8	219	149	1
Westerly	0	0	213	149	1
Warwick	3	3	303	133	1
W. Wick	18	14	1388	350	12
Greenwich	13	4	44	29	1
W. Wick	13	1	463	19	2
Woonsocket	13	13	1475	1131	7

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LARD—Pure Kettle Rendered, 16 lbs. \$1 00
MOLASSES—Best grades N. O., 8
SOAPS—Wooly and Rabbits, per box \$3

BEANS—N. Y. State Mediums,	per quart
RICE—Clean, white, whole Rice,	5 lbs. 2
STARCH—Large lumps,	5 lbs. 2
MACARONI—Round packages,	3 packages 2
JAMS—Strawberry, Raspberry, etc.,	In glass 1
SARDINES—in oil,	6 cans 2
WINES—Fekay, a medicinal beverage,	per bottle 2
" —Port and Sherry, rich California Wines,	per gallon, \$1
" —Claret, a good sound Wine,	" " 7
Old fashioned N. E. Rum,	" " \$1

P. H. HORGAN,

<p>TELEPHONE.</p> <p>Miscellaneous.</p> <p>Farm Wanted For Rent.</p> <p>HAVING application for a small farm with</p>	<p>224 THAMES STREET</p> <p>Miscellaneous.</p> <p>Print Butter</p>
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It is a comfortable bonus on it, I would like to hear from any one who has a fair of that description in the market.

2-23 H. O. DERRY,
138 Bellevue Avenue.

FOUND.

The best place in Newport to buy your **W**

SEEDS.

All the leading varieties for the

Farm and Garden.
FLOWER and VEGETABLE
Seeds
 FOR EARLY SOWING NOW READY.
SEED POTATOES,
FERTILIZERS,

Try it and you will number you as regular customers.

A. A. Hunt &
 151 THAMES STREET
United States Ho
 Thoroughly Decayed and Def

street.
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13, 16
Hotel,

**FARMING TOOLS,
GARDEN TOOLS,
HARDWARE, WOODENWARE
and TINWARE,
and POULTRY SUPPLIES.**

Do I give away premiums in seeds? No!
As my quality of seeds will not allow it.

Catalogues.

I have a few, 1,000 of

J. M. THURBURN & CO.'S Gilt

Entrances on Peabody
Thames Streets.
Private Suppers & Ca
A SPECIALTY,
2 18 Jos. F. PARSONS, Pro

Edge Catalogues, which are
like his seeds I handle.
Unsurpassed,
CALL AND GET ONE.

JAMES GOHM,
54 Broadway,

HATS!

HATS!

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HATS!!

WILL OPEN TODAY,

Flagg's Bargain

12 FRANKLIN STR

(Opposite the Post Office)

Christmas Goods

Dolls, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c; Games 5c,
Books 5c & 10c; Dollhouses 10c,
Cockboards 10c; Clocks 10c; 1

for act-
ing. Cons-
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CLERK.

SATURDAY, March 2,

WITH A FULL LINE

LOOK I LOOK

—OF—

MEN'S

STEEPLE CHASE

STIFF HATS

—AND—

MEN'S

trated to my care will receive pro-
pion. I would especially call this
the public to the superior and test

ONION SEED AND SWEETS

which are pronounced the best in

A. A. BARK

Dealer in Groceries, Grain
Utensils, &c.

182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

STIFF HATS

—AND—

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ONION SEED AND SWEETS

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A. A. BARK

Dealer in Groceries, Grain
Utensils, &c.

182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

TRADES ST.

W.

SOFT HATS,

ALL THE

For Sale

A GOOD second hand Curry
Tip Cart and four new 18
Wagon. Apply to

J. B. BACHELOR

Owner.

Grand One

Latest Patterns.

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JOHN E. SEABURY.

Latest Patterns.

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 once a week.

218 & 220 Thames-st.

March 2, 1923.

L. EHRLHARDT,
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R. W. Curry,
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of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.
Estimates given on all work when desired.

PAINT SHOP—11 MILL STREET
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OF EAST BERLIN, CONN.

GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF,
For 2 1/2¢ per sq. foot.
Write for Particulars.

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All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on hand at this store.

Enterprise Store,
No. 64 Thames St.,
Inequalities from one ounce upwards, and any quantity in stock will be prepared at short notice.
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MEATS

Groceries,

Poultry,
Game,
Vegetables,

and
Canned Goods.

No. 2 BROADWAY,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Quinine Whiskey

Prevents and Cures a Cold.

Gravest tonic known. Sold in all the principal saloons in Newport.

T. J. LYON, Agent.

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TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER,

GREEN WOOL AND LAIN, AT

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs

John Rogers,

210 THAMES ST.

The Best is the Cheapest

"The Diamond C"

HAMS,

AND

BACON

Assured from R. I. Fork and Corn Cobs. Smoked and are the Best.

For Sale at

COGGESHALL'S MARKET,

2 & 4 Washington Square, and 134 Thames Street.

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OF EVERY

KIND

Done at shortest notice, in the best manner and at the lowest prices, at the

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Furniture.

JOHN S. LANGLEY,
FURNITURE

Purnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.

16 Franklin St., Newport, R. I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

IF YOU WANT

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

MATTINGS, RUGS, WINDOW SHADES,

FURNITURE

Repaired, Re-covered or

MATTRESSES made over for

LOWEST PRICES,

DO TO

J. W. HORTON & CO.,

42 CHURCH STREET.

J. W. HORTON, F. A. WARD.

Oak Chamber Sets. \$28

Mattresses, 3

Woven Wire Mattresses, 3

Feather Pillows, 1

Baby Carriages, from 5 to 10

Wall Papers, 6c to \$5

Window Shades, 25 to 50c

H. G. BRYDER,

UP STAIRS, 104 Thames Street.

New Carpets

—AND—

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets and wall papers and are prepared to show a fine line of

New Patterns.

Prices as low as

Anywhere.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

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DR. Z. J. LEWIS,

SPECIALIST,

On Diseases of the Nervous System, Brain and Spinal Cord, Epilepsy, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Diseases of the Genitals, Urinary Organs, Atony or Obstruction, Syphilis and Secondary symptoms cured in three or four days. All Female Complaints skillfully treated. Dr. Lewis will give a written guarantee to cure all cases undertaken by him. Cases that have been pronounced incurable by other physicians, relieved.

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TO BUY A FARM?

For Sale.

In Southern Rhode Island a farm costs a lot less than in New England and commands high prices. The farm-house is of large dimensions and in good order. Stable built recently. This place has great prospective value, besides being worth double the price asked for it, for farming purposes, as it is a fine wooded property; just the farm for raising potatoes, and one could pay for it in two years from this crop alone. Price only \$1000—about \$12 per acre. Schoolhouse and church nearby. About four miles from railroad station.

DANIEL WATSON,

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C. A. SNOW & CO.

One of the best and most reliable

Children Cry for

FITZGERALD'S

WORKING GIRLS.

WILLING, ABLE, AND AMBITIOUS,
But Often Held Back by an Illness
They do not Understand.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)
A young and intelligent working-girl of Brooklyn, N. Y., graphically pictures the working-girl's life.

Day in and day out, month after month, she toils. She is the bread-winner of the family.

Though we revel in sweet dreams, though with poet's eye we look full on Nature's open book, and our spirits wander, singing with the birds and streams;

Yet we must be content with the lot we have, and we must be content with the lot we have, and we must be content with the lot we have.

Though our lot be calm and bright, though upon our brow we wear the crown of grace and beauty rare, and the crown of grace and beauty rare, and the crown of grace and beauty rare.

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Woman's Dep't.

In Value.

Though we elude fame's proud yet height, though we elude fame's proud yet height, though we elude fame's proud yet height.

Where the stars of glory shine, where the stars of glory shine, where the stars of glory shine.

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A LITTLE ABOUT BRISTOL.

One of England's Oldest Sea Ports.

FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

My visit to England has so far been confined to the neighborhood of that ancient city Bristol. On entering the terminus one is apt to draw the conclusion that the chief characteristics of the town are dirt and smoke, for the station is surrounded by one of the poorest, dirtiest and narrowest courts that I have ever seen. I had better say that, to run across, the town is far from picturesque. How, however, the station is just behind and one advances into the town, the prospect decidedly brightens and we discover that the chief characteristic is not dirt, but ancient buildings, among which the churches are most prominent. Many of all of these edifices are reminiscences of ancient times, and the carving and decorations on some are grand. Next to Northampton Bristol contains more of these ancient edifices than any other city in England, and it is not surprising that the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. The church stands on raised ground and is a magnificent both inside and out.

Bristol Cathedral does not rank very high as regards beauty, but is interesting on account of its antiquity and history. The building was commenced in the 12th century and has ever up to the present day been undergoing additions and alterations. The present Dean, Dr. Bishop, is much interested in the restoration and many improvements are due to his energy. A peculiar feature which makes the cathedral distinct from others is that the side aisles are the same height as the centre one giving an appearance of loftiness to the interior.

To pass from the church to the station is not at the present time a great leap. I may therefore mention that there are no fewer than three hundred and thirty-two public houses in Bristol, a fact which is by far the best and a little description of it just now would not I think be out of place. Red Riding Hood is the name of it and the whole performance is based on the history of a little girl whose story has been handed down to each new generation for many years.

The principal part, Red Riding Hood, is taken by a little girl named Mary Clarke who has been playing the part for about nine years. Her ability to play the part is beyond description; her part is indeed taken with exceptional skill for one of her years. The play progresses from the plot to kill Red Riding Hood, and during the progress of the play some of the finest scenery I have ever seen is introduced. The scene is particularly beautiful as regards scenery, and the last scene, the grand transformation scene, is beyond any previous description.

The combination of lights and colors is so beautiful, and the various little things together in a manner that would make the eyes of the ordinary artist turn green with envy. I had the pleasure one evening through the courtesy of Mr. Carpenter the manager, to whom the great success of the play is due, of being behind the scenes during one of the performances and was in a small degree initiated into the mysteries of the wings, and into the arts of producing thunder, lightning and the various other necessities that go to add a finish to the play.

It is a fact, however, that I have above described. But enough of this subject, let me return to a description, slight as it may be, of Bristol and its surroundings. Leaving the business portion of Bristol and walking in a westerly direction one enters a suburb of Bristol known as Clifton, where are situated the residences of the business and retired people. Although the people of Bristol live in an excellent manner, yet I cannot say that their houses in any degree are equal to the mansions of the people of our own country. In fact some of the wealthiest people of Bristol live in houses that would not be any means compare favorably with the houses of some of the little Newport's business men. Most of the houses here are of the ancient design, and many of them even of ancient build. Directly in Clifton are situated a number of acres of land designated as the Downs. This ground is really the play ground for the young people of Bristol. Following along the bank of the river, and through the trees, one can suddenly ascend one of the most beautiful hills of scenery I have ever found. It was on the bank of the River Avon, across which the highest bridge in the world is built. Standing near the bridge and looking down into the river I saw what was to my mind a grand sight. Tugs and small craft, hundreds of feet below me, were plying their way up and down the river. The banks were covered with snow and the sun shone down upon the snow covered trees, shrubs and ground, one could distinguish nearly every object known in the artistic world. Bristol or its suburbs are not rich in the possession of statues, but undoubtedly the best is an equestrian one, in bronze, of William the Fourth. The statue is situated in the centre of Queens square. This square was once the house of the Merchant princes and to drive in the square was considered the proper thing. But now the houses are mostly used as offices of various sorts, and the oak paneled rooms and wide staircases no longer bear the rustic of a silken gown. Doubtless to many the most interesting statue in Bristol is the one erected in College Green to celebrate Queen Victoria's jubilee. This statue is built of white marble and represents her majesty standing in the square. The features are decidedly distinct and are considered by those who should know to be an excellent likeness.

I had the pleasure, or perhaps I might say the pain, to be introduced to one of England's titled men, Sir Francis Davis. Well, of all miserable-looking objects that I have seen, I think that he was the worst. To look at him one would judge that a stiff breeze would blow him all to pieces. His style of dress was simply absurd. He wore a low crown black derby, a very wide checked brown and black suit called a golf suit, checked long stockings, and brown gaiters over black socks. He spoke with a terrible drawl when he did speak, for sometimes he forgot to speak at all. I think this will suffice for a description of the only titled person I have met as yet, I hope that if I give a better account of them, I might state, however, that as regards the custom of this country, when you meet any one to ask them what they will have to drink, when I put the question to Sir Francis, he responded in the following manner: "Ah, Mr. Davis, don't mind, don't owe me, ah, brandy and soda." This I ordered for his Lordship, at the expense of two shillings, or fifty cents in our money.

